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ORIGINAL.

A CRITIQUE

On Helvetius and his Treatise on Man.

Helvetius, in his essay on man, has erected a monument to his memory that shall never be obscured in the tomb of time. Author.

Addictus ſequi nulla verba magiſtri. Horace.

The world has produced few writers, who can make pretentions to originality. The great maſs of authors are contented if they can glide ſmoothly on down the current of opinion, and ſay what has often been ſaid before them. Original authors only can have any claim to the applauſe of the world. They are the benefactors of mankind and their memory ſhould be tranſmitted to fame, while the names of mere retailers of the ideas of others ſhould be held in general deteſtation. Even original paradoxes are to be preferred to *second-hand* correctneſs. They diſcover boldneſs of thought and a mind which freed from the ſhackles of opinion may ſtumble upon the moſt important truths. Mere correctneſs may gard us againſt the intruſion of any palpable error, but it alſo cramps imagination and checks the ſallies of genius. All great diſcoveries in ſcience and the arts have been the effect of chance; and thoſe caſualties have generally fallen in the way of arrogant and deſultory minds. They ſcorn the beaten path and ſend out their imagination upon diſcovery. It ſeeks truth amidſt error, and ſeldom returns without ſome uſeful maxim

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of life and manners. Rouſſeau amidſt all his chimeras is frequently inſtructive and always amuſing. Godwin, that profound philoſopher, to ſuperficial readers, may ſeem to abound in abſurd paradoxes and mirthful reveries, but to thoſe, who are capable of forming a proper eſtimate of his merit, he will appear in a very different light.

Correctneſs of genius is like the gentle rivulet that glides through our meadows and always pleaſes the eye. Boldneſs of imagination is like the torrent that ruſhes headlong from the top of a mountain, bearing down all before it, and challenging in its courſe, our involuntary admiration. We are pleaſed with the placid mildneſs of the one, but aſtoniſhed by the daring arrogance of the other.

Helvetius was one of thoſe rare geniuſes which few centuries have the honor of producing. Philanthropy and patriotiſm ſeem to characteriſe him as a man; while originality of opinion, boldneſs of ſentiment, independency of ſoul and an avowed antipathy to prejudiced error mark the ſuperior mind. He reſigned the friendſhip and protection of his country, riſked the loſs of fortune and liberty, for the cauſe of benefiting mankind, by removing the prejudices of habit and opinion. He wrote not for the ſake of fortune or the applauſe of Frenchmen. He had ſufficiency of the former, and the latter he was conſcious ſhould not obtain. He was well aware of the unrelenting malice of prieſts and the unrelenting rigor of the Sorbonne. He wrote for the good of a world, and looked with a ſage-like forecaſt to the judgment an impartial poſterity ſhould paſs upon him and his labors. He made virtue and the welfare of ſociety his unerring guides. To diveſt tyrants of their power and to counteract the baleful dominion of a bigotted clergy, he wielded equally the ſhafts of ſatire and the irreſiſtable ſceptre of reaſon. He was a man of an amiable diſpoſition, and a truly philoſophic turn of mind. He accuſtomed himſelf to view things as they really are; not diſtorted and miſhapen, as they muſt be when the underſtan-

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ding is weakened by prejudice and warped by the continued influence of error. Has mankind emerged from barbariſm and become philoſophers and legiſlators? It is owng to ſuch men as Helvetius who have boldly refuſed to flatter the vices of the many and chaſed ignorance from her aſylum of ſecurity. Are men no longer bewildered in the maze of ſcholaſtic ſubtilties and led aſtray by controverted reaſon? To whom are they indebted, but to the bold aſſerters of the rights of man and the fearleſs advocates of freedom of reſearch?

It is an opinion generally received, that ſcience cannot flouriſh under an arbitrary government. I ſubſcribe my aſſent to this opinion, under proper limitations and reſtrictions. Science cannot have its riſe, neither, when introduced, will its circulation be very extenſive in a deſpotic country. It will, moreover, be likely to decline, and at length become extinct under thoſe governments, where they are not in the neighborhood of others more free, and where ſcience is reſpectable. But ſcience and the arts may ſometimes, even without difficulty, be introduced into thoſe governments. But then ſituation and peculiarity of circuſtance favor their reception. France is an inſtance of the juſtice of this remark. France conveniently ſituated to England caught ſome of her ſcientific ſpirit, and under the arbitrary reign of Louis XIV and XV produced, with others, a Helvetius, a Voltaire, a Diderot, a D'Alembert. The influence of imitation upon the conduct and manners of nations, as well as of individuals, is eaſily perceived. National virtues as well as national vices may be communicated from one people to another. And it is upon this imitative principle that we are to account for the riſe, if not for the progreſs of literature in France. We have a remarkable inſtance of this mimatic principle in nations, during the minority of Lewis XIV. England then torn by factions and civil wars, communicated her revolutionary ſpirit to the Parliament of France, which, headed by the famous cardinal de Rets and emboldened by the popularity of its cauſe, ſet its authority in oppoſition to that of the

court, and feeble as its power was at that time; would, but for the ſucceſsful efforts of the prince of Conde, have effected an entire change in the government.

Helvetius in his treatiſe on man, has launched out into a field of ſpeculation, unexplored by any of his predeceſſors. He ſaw that by purſuing the beaten path he ſhould only burthen the world with a uſeleſs publication: and knowing that altho' the moſt evident truths ſometimes meet with oppoſition from ignorance and prejudice, yet they will at length triumph over every obſtacle, he dared, like a philoſopher and a patriot, to combat error and aid the promotion of truth and virtue. He ſets out with aſſuming this new principle—"That the difference we ſee in men, ariſes, not from the difference of organization or temperament, but from the difference in education."—And if his deductions are not always free from objections his reaſonings are generally clear and concluſive. His book is, as it were, a ſeries of ſyllogiſms or demonſtrations, in which the eſtabliſhment of every preceding propoſition is a ſtep by which he mounts to his ultimate concluſion. The moſt ſuperficial and inattentive reader can comprehend him without difficulty. His ſtyle is perſpicuous, eaſy and flowing; and by the elegant ſimplicity of his language, he has the rare felicity of ſtrewing flowers over the moſt thorny paths of metaphyſics. He is never, like Monteſquieu, obſcure through conciſeneſs. He takes every pains properly to develope his ideas, and by length of deſcription, to give us a clear and definite image of what he wiſhes to communicate. The language of metaphyſicians, more than of any other writers, ſhould be both elegant and copious Elegant, to make the acquiſition of their abſtruſe ſpeculations the more eaſy and agreeable. Copious to make it the more perfect and laſting. Helvetius has both. His words are all happily choſen. He never uſes ſtiff and affected expreſſions or introduces aukward and pedantic conceits. He is copious almoſt to a fault. As an ingenious orator, he repreſents his idea in every point of view, till he is certain of a lively and preciſe impreſſion. If he is ſome-

times declamatory and indulges himſelf in invective, it is at the end of his chapter after he has gone through his ſeries of deductions; and he is excuſable for his digreſſions, by thoſe who are acquainted with the hiſtory of his life. He muſt have been acquainted in ſome meaſure with his own merit; and to ſee merit, and that too in himſelf, perſecuted, was enow to rouſe the indignation of the moſt indifferent cynic. His treatiſe abounds with agreeable flights and his ſimilies and alluſions are all happy and illuſtrative. We ſee in him rather the man of liberality and refinement, than the bigot and ſcholaſtic. His reading appears to have been choice, and all his literary acquiſitions of the elegant and uſeful kind. His genius is not auſtere; neither is he rendered gloomy and forbidding by the repulſive hauteur of a muſty antiquary. He is not rigid by rule or through an affectation of philoſophic ſeverity, but indulges thoſe paſſions and natural propenſities, which, when unreſtrained, are ſo far from proving pernicious, that they are the only ſweeteners of life. He ſaw the errors of laying the paſſions under too great a reſtriction, and prudently recommended their proper modulation and indulgence in preference to their total extinction. He appears in fine, to have had juſter notions of men in a ſtate of ſociety as moral agents and intelligent beings, than any writer who has benefitted the world by his works.

As a ſpecimen of correct logical reaſoning and profound metaphyſical reſearch there can be none better than his chapter ſhewing the difference between the mind and ſoul. And in his chapter on luxury and temperance, he diſcovers the united powers of a politician and philoſopher. His mind appears to have been ſtored with that kind of knowledge which is gained from reflection and careful obſervation, rather than from ſyſtematic books and the antiquated ſource of hypotheſis. And he choſe to develope truths important to the happineſs of a world, rather than engage in literary quibbles whoſe uſefulneſs is generally imaginary.

While literature and the cauſe of humanity have

friends, Helvetius will be regarded as one of their moſt zealous promoters; and while ignorance and bigotry have their enimies, his perſecutors will be abhorred and a tear of ſympathy will be ſhed over his misfortunes.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

SELECTIONS.

HISTORY OF Mr. ALLEN.

IN the Weſt of England, a few years ago, reſided an old gentleman, whoſe integrity and univerſal benevolence did honour to human nature.

Mr. Robert Allen (that was the name of this good man) was deſcended of the great Allen of Somerſetſhire, ſo juſtly celebrated by the immortal pen of the inimitable author of Tom Jones, under the name of Alworthy.

As Mr. Robert Allen poſſeſſed every virture of his excellent relation, little more can be added to his praiſe. To relieve every object of diſtreſs within his reach: to inſtruct the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to amend the envious, to quiet the angry, and to rectify the prejudices, of his neighbours, were the employments of his blameleſs life.

He had the misfortune to loſe in his youth, a very amiable wife and child; which calamities he ſuſtained with the moſt exemplary patience, and Chriſtian reſignation.

Beſides his paternal eſtate, he had accumulated a large fortune in the former part of his life; having been a conſiderble merchant at Liſbon.

Once, in every three years, he conſtantly viſited London merely on account of tranſacting his money matters; otherwiſe, it was with great reluctance he left the ſcenes of rural quiet for the hurry and noiſe of the metropolis.

As the whole buſineſs of this excellent man was

to do GOOD to every individual, ſo he made every incident in life contribute, by ſome means to that laudable purpoſe.

He had always taken up his abode, during his ſtay in London, at the houſe of an honeſt tradeſman near temple bar; ſolely, becauſe the man had formerly been a faithful ſervant to his couſin Allen. And for a courſe of years after he had given ſignal proofs of his integrity and induſtry in his buſineſs, which was that of a haberdaſher. Mr. Robert Allen had ſet him up in buſineſs, and had furniſhed his houſe very genteely:—the firſt floor of which he always occupied, whenever his affairs called him to London.

Mr. Lewis (the name of the haberdaſher) was about the age of his venerable friend. He had, ſince he laſt ſaw him, buried his wife, a very notable good woman and for his SINS, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, had been married to a young flirt, who had drawn in the old man by a pretty face, without any one good quality of either the head or heart. She toſſed up her noſe at all her neighbors, and was proud as any woman of quality. She had wheedled her old man, as ſhe called her worthy huſband, to keep her a one horſe chaiſe, and to take a lodging upon Highgate hill, for the benefit of the country air.

As this lady was immoderately fond of cards, ſhe had a little kind of rout, every Thurſday, in the apartments of the firſt floor.

A few days before one of thoſe brilliant aſſembles was to take place, Mr. Lewis received a letter from his worthy friend and benefactor, Mr. Allen, that he would be in town the Thurſday following, and hoped thoſe apartments he had occupied for above twenty years, would be in readineſs to receive him.

The good haberdaſher ſhewed his wife the letter; and remonſtrated to her the neceſſity there was of putting off her weekly meeting: but ſhe cut him ſhort, with ſaying, it was abſolutely impoſſible; for that ſhe had ſent cards to her company for two months before, and that the PARTIES were all made: that ſhe ſhould

make no fuſs about this old country gentleman, for that he muſt e'en take up his lodging up two pair of ſtairs.

The poor huſband ſighed in the bitterneſs of his heart, but was forced to ſubmit for the ſake of domeſtic quiet.

Mr. Allen arrived at the houſe at the time he appointed; and as it happened to be on the Thurſday evening, was ſurpriſed, on his alighting from his carriage, to ſee his dining room illuminated with a great number of lights, and as he advanced up ſtairs, to hear a confuſed number of female voices.

The haberdaſher (for his wife was too fine a lady to appear on this occaſion) after an hundred aukward apologies, conducted his worthy gueſt to the ſecond floor, who ſoon retired to bed, but that ſweet repoſe, which he uſually found after a day ſpent in virtuous peace, he was now a ſtranger to, as the ladies below did not depart till after midnight; and he might as well have expected to have ſlept in the tower of Babel, as in ſuch a confuſion of voices.

They were at length no ſooner departed, than the good man's ſlumbers were again diſturbed, though from a very different cauſe. It was now from the room over his head, that proceeded ſounds which prevented his getting any ſleep. He heard, though but indiſtinctly, the plaintive wailing of a young infant, and the frequent ſobbings of ſome woman.

As theſe melancholy ſounds continued the chief part of the night, his compaſſion for the unhappy ſufferers (whoever they were) was extremely excited. No man ſurely ever had more of what Shakeſpeare calls "the milk of *human kindness*," than Mr. Robert Allen; he therefore felt for every being in diſtreſs. The pity he now felt was indeed heightened, when, by break of day, he diſtinctly heard the voices of ſeveral children, and ſoon after the tread of many little feet in the chamber over his head.

The worthy man now aroſe, finding it impoſſible to get any ſleep; and after employing an hour in his devoti-

ons and meditations rang for his breakfaſt; ſoon after which, Mrs. Lewis herſelf made her appearance, and ſaid ſhe was much afraid he had been diſturbed by a parcel of ſqualling brats who lodged over his apartment.

"I have been in pain (ſaid the humane man) for ſome perſon who ſeemed in diſtreſs: pray, madman, is there a family?—I thought I heard ſome little folks."

"Yes, ſir, there is a family, indeed, of beggars, for any thing I know to the contrary—ſurely there never was a more ragged pack of chits to be ſeen than are the children; and the mother, from her appearance, I judge to have been a common ſtreet walker if ſhe is not one now—Never did I ſee ſuch a tattered figure! But my huſband is the greateſt fool in the world, or he never would have taken them in. I was, unfortunately, at my country lodgings when he ſimply took them under his roof."

"Have you ſeen this poor woman and her little ones? (aſked Mr. Allen very gravely, who was not a little diſpleaſed with ſome words in the above ſpeech of his landlady) have you viſited her in her affliction?"

"I viſit her, ſir! no indeed: I commence no acquaintance with lodgers in my third ſtory. As to letting lodging to genteel families, as I am low ſpirited, and have weak nerves, I like to have company in the houſe, but as to a ſet of beggars! why, maid Patty informs me this woman is often ſome days without a morſel of bread."

"Indeed! (interrupted Mr. Allen) and do you ſuffer a human being in your houſe to endure the extremity of hunger? Mercy on me!"

Mrs. Patty (who then entered the room) was aſked by her miſtreſs if ſhe had ſeen the woman up ſtairs lately."

"Not I, indeed madam! I think her ragged ſilk gown plainly ſhows what ſhe has been, and what ſhe is: I ſee her! not I truly. I ſtands upon my character ſhe may be a ſtreet walker, for what ——."

She was going on, but Mr. Allen, ſhocked at the inhumanity of both the miſtreſs and her maid, ſignified he was going to be buſy, on which they departed.

Any one might have thought indeed that Mrs. Patty, by her dreſs, had been one of that unhappy claſs which her rigid virtue made her ſo cautious of avoiding; for her dreſs, which was a taudry gauze cap, with waſhed ribbands, and a dirty linen gown, drawn through the pocket holes, did not greatly recommend her appearance.

When the good man had got rid of theſe inhuman wretches, he ſtood like the inimitable figure of Garrick, in king Lear, for ſome moments aghaſt; and like that good old king, could not help exclaiming,

"Are theſe women?———————

"Is there any cauſe in nature for ſuch hard hearts?"

(To be continued.)

ABOU TAIB.

AN EASTERN TALE.

ABOU TAIB, Emperor of India, aſcended the throne of his father amidſt the acclamations of his people, and bleſſed with all that nature or fortune could beſtow, to confer happineſs. His treaſures ſurpaſſed computation; and forty nations ſubmitted implicitly to his ſceptre. His ſeraglio was filled with the greateſt beauties of the Eaſt; his table conſtantly furniſhed with a round of the moſt luxurious dainties, and nothing which ſenſe can deſire, or capricious fancy invent, was denied to Abou Taib.

One day as he walked in his palace, reflecting on his power, his riches, and the various means of pleaſure he poſſeſſed, a meſſenger arrived to inform him, that one of the principle nobles of his court was ſuddenly dead. This melancholy and unexpected event, entirely occupied his thoughts. "Alas! (ſaid he) what is every thing that ambition can attain, or wealth procure!

One end happeneth to all: and death, who concludes the woes of the beggar, ſhall one day terminate the power and ſplendor of the Emperor of Indoſtan. Were life eternally to endure, what I enjoy were indeed much to be prized: But of what avail are riches, pleaſure, or power, while the loſs of them is thus certain?"

At that moment a burſt of thunder ſhook the palace to the foundation, and the genius Abaſſon ſtood before the monarch.

"Repining mortal, (ſaid the etherial viſion) I have heard thy murmurs; and that thou mayeſt no longer have reaſon for ſuch complaints, take this taliſman, and, at the end of any day hereafter, which thou haſt ſpent in pleaſures and delight, apply it to thy forehead, forming a wiſh that the next may be perfectly like it; and thou ſhalt find each following one exactly the ſame in every event and enjoyment; nor ſhall they cloy by repetition: Thou ſhalt be new to the pleaſures of each ſucceſſive day, as if the preceding had never been. The day thou wilt fix on is left to thy choice; only be careful how thou uſeſt my gift, and chooſe that, the delights of which thou wouldſt perpetuate, with prudence. For having once employed the charm, thou wilt have no power to reverſe it; but will be neceſſitated, continually to repeat the felicity firſt choſen." So ſaying the genius diſappeared.

Abou Taib received the taliſman with inexpreſſible joy, believing that an immortality of pleaſure was now in his power; and not doubting but that he ſhould ſoon be able to fix on the day, of which the conſtant return ſhould produce a never ceaſing round of perfect happineſs.

But this was not ſo eaſy as he had at firſt ſuppoſed. Every evening, when he came to reflect on the circle of hours that had juſt fled, he conſtantly found ſome thing too unſatisfactory in the pleaſure they had produced, for him to expect much delight from their repetition. Hope continually allured him on to look forward to ſome happier moments, which might better de-

ſerve perpetuity. This felicity, however, was continually expected, but never arrived. Every ſucceſſive day pleaſed him ſtill leſs than the paſt.

In the mean time, age crept upon Abou Taib. Thoſe enjoyments which he found ſo imperfect in the fervor of youth, appeared ſtill leſs ſatisfactory in his declining years. Yet, ſtrange infatuation of the ſorcereſs of hope! his chimerical expectation of greater happineſs to come, daily increaſed.

At laſt, while fancy was amuſing him with ſcenes of future, and forever recurring bliſs, an acute diſorder ſeized Abou Taib. His gaiety, his vigor, and every capacity of enjoying pleaſure fled before it; nor was it long ere the moſt experienced of his phyſicians pronounced he had not ſix hours to live. Shocked at the haſty approach of the angel of death, and reſolved to avail himſelf of his taliſman, he applied the gift of the genius, from which he had promiſed himſelf never ending pleaſure, to perpetuate extreme anguiſh!

His miſery ſoon made him deſirous to invite that death he had been ſo anxious to ſhun; but the fatal charm was not to be reverſed. Day after day he ſtarted from the ſame dreadful dreams, to ſuffer the ſame round of ſickneſs, pain and torture.

The genius at length pitying his condition and moved by his prayers, appeared again before him. "Man of many follies (cried he) murmur no more at the decrees of Heaven: repine not at the flight of pleaſures you have not thought worth repeating! Wherefore ſhould you blame the ſhortneſs of a life, in which you have been ſo unwilling to protract, even your higheſt enjoyment? whatever applies to every part, muſt apply to the whole; and what is true of every day of our lives, muſt be true of life in general. What then in praying for its continuance, do you wiſh to be continued? the flattering dreams of imagination, and the fallacious promiſes of hope, never completely filled; but repeatedly, nay, almoſt always utterly falſified! let thoſe who hear your ſtory, learn, by your example, to remain contented with the condition providence has alotted them; and

remember, that even the end of their imperfect happineſs is to be conſidered as an addition to the little felicity they enjoy."

The genius ended; and the angel of death, to him the angel of bliſs, cloſed the eyes of Abou Taib.

THE ECCENTRIC MAN.

***** IN one of theſe excurſions through a wood, he fell in with a man, whoſe ſingular appearance attracted his attention. He was ſitting on the ground, at the bottom of a beach-tree, eating a cruſt of bread, which he ſhared bit by bit with his dog. His dreſs betrayed the utmoſt poverty; but his countenance exhibited every ſymptom of cheerfulneſs. The major ſaluted him as he rode paſt, and the man pulled off his hat.

"Do you ſee?" ſaid he to his dog, laughing and careſſing him.

"What ſhould the dog ſee?" aſked the major, whoſe curioſity was much excited by the man's happy looks.

The ſtranger laughed.

"Ay," ſaid the man, in a humerous tone, "I wiſh to make the dog take notice of your civility. It is ſo uncommon for a well dreſſed perſon on horſeback, and an officer beſides, to lift his cap or hat to a tattered foot-paſſenger like me."

"Who are you, then?" ſaid the major to the man, looking at him attentively.

"A child of fortune."

"A child of fortune! You miſtake, without doubt, for your coat ſeems to ſpeak otherwiſe."

"My coat is in the right, ſir. But as I can joke in this coat, the only one I have, it is of as much value to me as a new one, even if it had a ſtar upon it."

"If what you ſay does not proceed from a diſordered mind, you are in the right, countryman."

"A diſordered mind, or a light mind, is ſome times a gift from God, at leaſt for children of fortune belong-

ing to my caſt. My fate once hung heavy on my mind like lead; but care now paſſes through it as the wind does through my coat; and if that be a fault, it makes up for a great deal of misfortune."

"But whence did you come, and whither are you going?"

"That queſtion is difficult to be anſwered, ſir, I came from my cradle; and I am going ſtrait forwards to my grave. With theſe two ſtages of life I am acquainted. In a word, I am endeavoring to ſoften my fate; but I muſt have in me ſomething very engaging, for my dog and my deſtiny remain faithful to me, and my ſhadow alſo; but, like a falſe friend, only when the ſun ſmiles. You ſhake your head, ſir, as if you meant to ſay that I have made choice of bad company. I thought ſo at firſt; but there is nothing ſo bad as not to be uſeful ſometimes. My deſtiny has made me humble, and taught me what I did not before know, that one cannot unhinge the world. My dog has taught me that there is ſtill love and fidelity in it; and * * * * * You can not imagine what fine things one can talk with, and reſpecting one's ſhadow!"

"Reſpecting one's ſhadow? That I do not comprehend."

"You ſhall hear, ſir. At ſun-riſe in the morning, when I am walking behind my long towering ſhadow, what converſation I hold with it on philoſophical ſubjects;—"Look," ſay I, "dear ſhadow, art thou not like a youth to whom, when the ſun of life is riſing, the earth ſeems too ſmall? Juſt when I lift a leg, thou lifteſt another, as if thou wouldeſt ſtep over ten acres at once; and yet, when thou putteſt down thy leg, thy ſtep is ſcarcely a ſpan long. So fares it with the youth. He ſeems as if he would deſtroy or create a world; and yet, in the end, he does none of thoſe things which might have been expected from his diſcourſe. Let the ſun now riſe higher, and thou wilt become ſmaller, as the youth boaſts leſs, the older he grows." Thus I compare, you ſee, the morning, noon, and evening ſhadow, with a hundred things: and the longer we walk

together, the better we get acquainted. At preſent I can forego many things which I formerly conſidered as indiſpenſible neceſſaries. The ſhadow is my watch and my pedrometer—and ſometimes my ſervant, and ſometimes my footman. It is only a pity that a man cannot exiſt in this ſhadow, as his ſhadow exiſts in him."

"Well, and what do you ſay in the evening to your ſhadow?"

"In the evening? A man's ſhadow then is a very ſerious thing—the beſt moraliſt—a real hour glaſs—a true *memento mori.* When the ſhadow runs forward before one, ſtill becoming longer and leſs viſible, as if already hiding its head in the darkneſs of eternity, while behind one is the ſetting ſun, and before one is a riſing ſtar, the ſhadow then ſeems to ſay, "Thou art on the brink of eternity; the ſun is going down: but loſe not courage; like me thou wilt become always greater, and before thee is already ſuſpended a better ſtar, the firſt ray of eternity beyond the grave."

With theſe words the man became ſerious, and the major alſo. Both looked at each other in ſilence for a few ſeconds, though with calmneſs and tranquility. "But how has it happened," ſaid the major "that you now wander about through the world with your dog and your ſhadow? Methinks, countryman you were deſtined for ſomething better."

"Man is always deſtined for ſomething better," replied the ſtranger, "than he in the end really is. Or, do you believe that you could not be better than you are? Deſtined to ſomething better! You do not know how good or bad my ſituation may be. If indeed you mean a better coat or a better dinner, I allow you are right: though whole nations exiſt on the earth, and are fortunate, who would envy me this coat and this cruſt of bread. I am a man of letters, ſir. But as I had not prudence equal to my learning, or rather poſſeſſed too little of the qualities of the flatterer, you now find me here in this coat. You might as eaſily have found me in a carriage; and I do not comprehend why that was not the

caſe; for very little was wanting to have brought matters that length. You look, ſir, as if you were intereſted in the events of my life. They may be related in a few words. I have applied to ſtudy, and I flatter myſelf not without ſucceſs. There is one thing, however, which I never learnt; and that is to jeſt and be ſerious at proper ſeaſons. If I beheld an act of villainy, it was impoſſible for me to laugh, had it been committed even by a Preſident. Sometimes again when thoſe people, in whoſe hands my fortune was depoſited, appeared as ſerious as if the welfare of the world depended on them, and began to talk of their mighty inventions, a word amended, a reading corrected in an old book, or any thing of the like kind, I inſtantly thought of my ſhadow and could not help laughing. Notwithſtanding my laughter, I might have obtained a place: but I ſhould have been obliged to marry ſome girl I did not love; to deny ſome principle which I conſidered as true, or to flatter ſome lady unworthy of my notice. At that time I was like my morning ſhadow. I imagined I ſhould never be in want, and that I could overleap every obſtacle. My hopes were diſappointed. I have nothing left but this flute [here he took one from his pocket] and this dog whom I bred up to be my friend. I was a player and almoſt loſt my morals in the theatre, which ought to be a temple of morality. I then eſtabliſhed a ſchool; but I was ſoon obliged to abandon it, as the parents wiſhed that I ſhould make their children blockheads. I now endeavor to get a livelihood, God knows how! ſometimes as a player on the oboe; ſometimes as a fencing or dancing maſter; and when nothing elſe will do, even as a threſher. I have two hands, and am aſhamed of nothing but cheating or begging, neither of which with me would ſucceed."

MAXIM.

A man vain of his perſon, in endeavoring to adorn it frequently renders himſelf ridiculous.